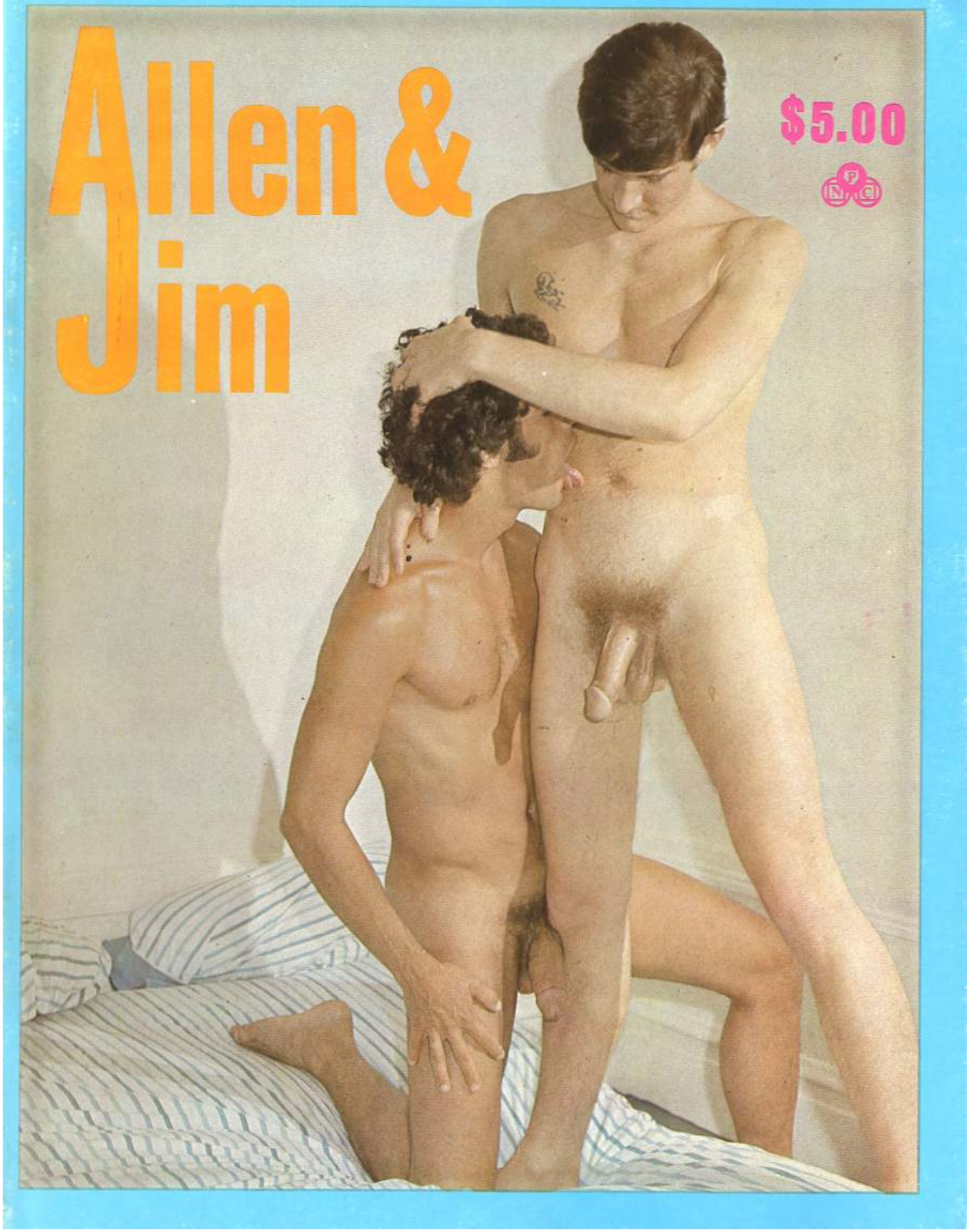
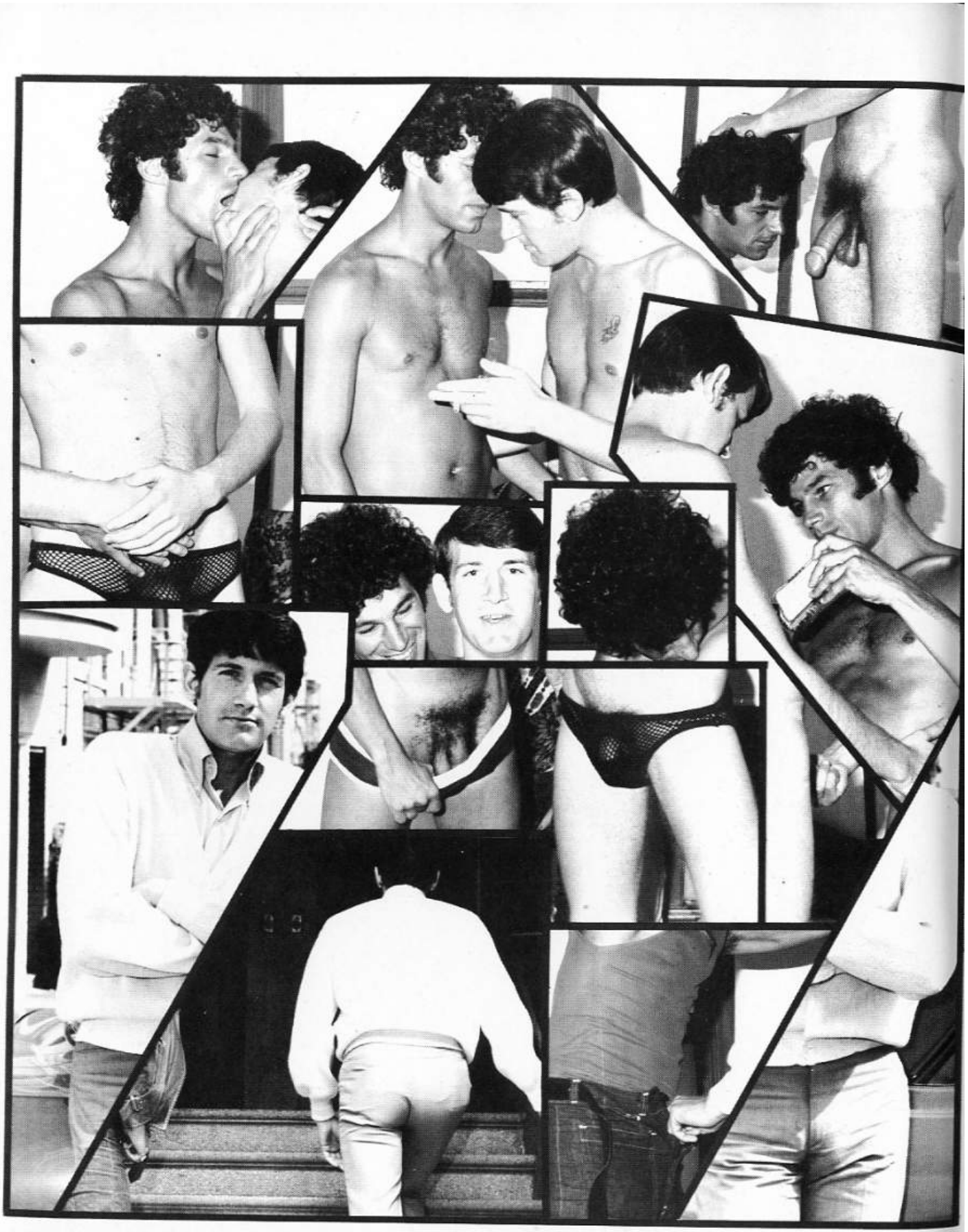
Allen & Jim

$5.00





People will say that a book which offends virtue is bad. I admit it; and I confess that those whose favorite virtue is chastity, who shudder at the thought of the pleasure they had in love when young, who are revolted by amorous ecstasy and believe that it defiles the soul, had better refrain from reading me.

Casanova

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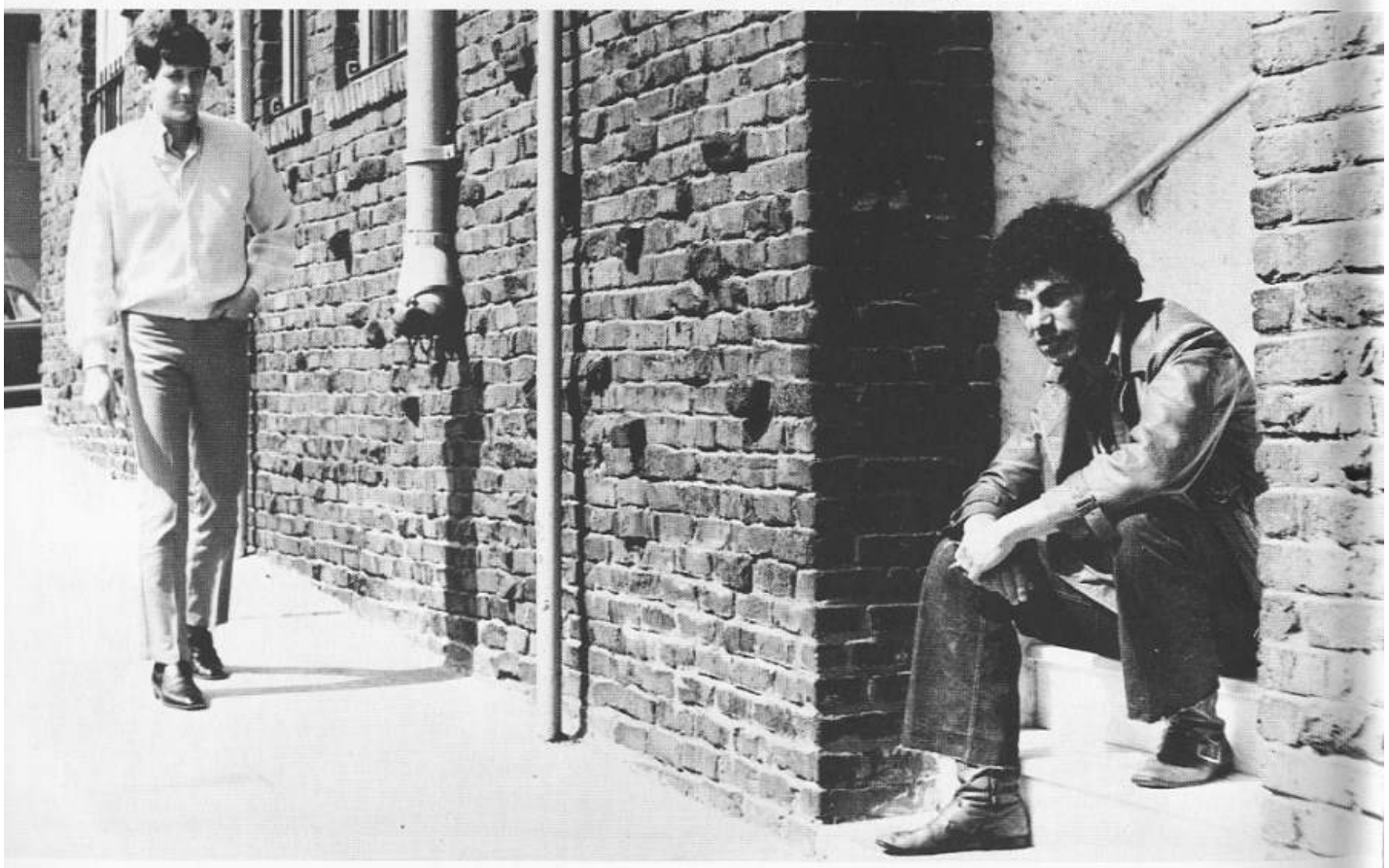
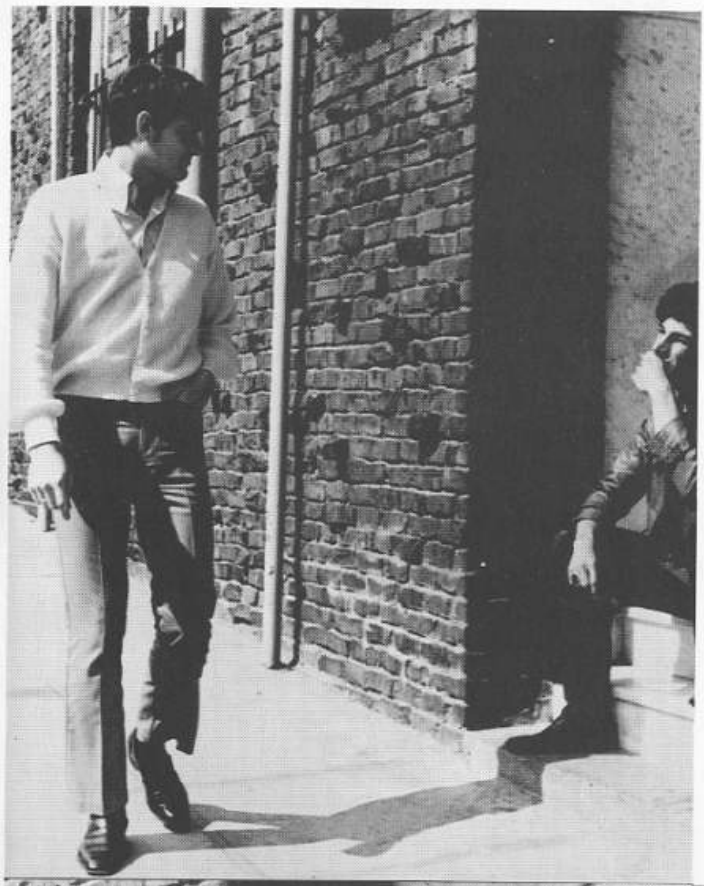
allen & jim

Now that I look back on it, for the first time in my life I believe in fate. You might not believe me, but only Fate could have brought Allen and I together, for I had hitchhiked thousands of miles across the country, homeless, jobless, with little ambition and with no destination in life to set my goals on, but Allen changed all that.

But, wait, I'm getting ahead of my story. Let's go back to that day, almost a year ago, the first day that I arrived in San Francisco. You might say that I was down on my luck – but worse than that – the last guy that had given me a ride (a kid about seventeen) rolled me while I was asleep and took my billfold, with the few remaining dollars that I had, my pictures and all my identification.





Now, how in the hell can a guy like me come into a strange town and expect to get a job with no identification, no fixed address, and without funds to get the next meal! Everything looked pretty black for me that day, but I'll tell you one thing, I didn't lose my pride — not in the least!

I was tired and my bones ached from the long trip that I had just completed — the hilly streets of San Francisco were no help either — they just added to my misery. I saw an empty doorway and wearily lowered myself onto the steps and closed my eyes. It felt good to rest once more. I was thankful that it wasn't hot because that would have only added to my problems.

As I sat there, seriously contemplating my situation, I was determined not to panic, nor to let it get the best of me — I'd been through enough scrapes to have enough confidence in myself. But, I never expected that help would come so soon, in the form of Allen.

I noticed this handsome fellow approaching, but my mind was too beset by my problems to think about the passerby. I didn't notice at first that he was looking at me with interest,

but as I glanced up, I saw that glimmer of interest – it was a knowing look with which I was very familiar. I had seen it hundreds of times. I grinned, and when the stranger saw that I was not going to be belligerent, he grinned back at me and came over to where I was seated and squatted.

"You look like you lost your last friend . . ." he began.

"I lost my last friend back on the East Coast." I cut in, anxious to make his friendship, because besides being a friendly person, he was extremely good looking as well. I was thinking of that *friend-in-need* axiom and was happy that he appeared to like me.

"Here, have a smoke . . ." he smiled as he removed the package of cigarettes from his pocket, flipped it open and thrust it to me.

I liked him, I could sense it from the very beginning. "Back home that's an invitation," I suggested, teasingly.

He grinned at me, "Take it any way you want to . . ." He was glancing at my crotch as he spoke. He didn't need to say another word for what was unsaid, spoke volumes. I knew that I had a place to go to, and I would take it from there.

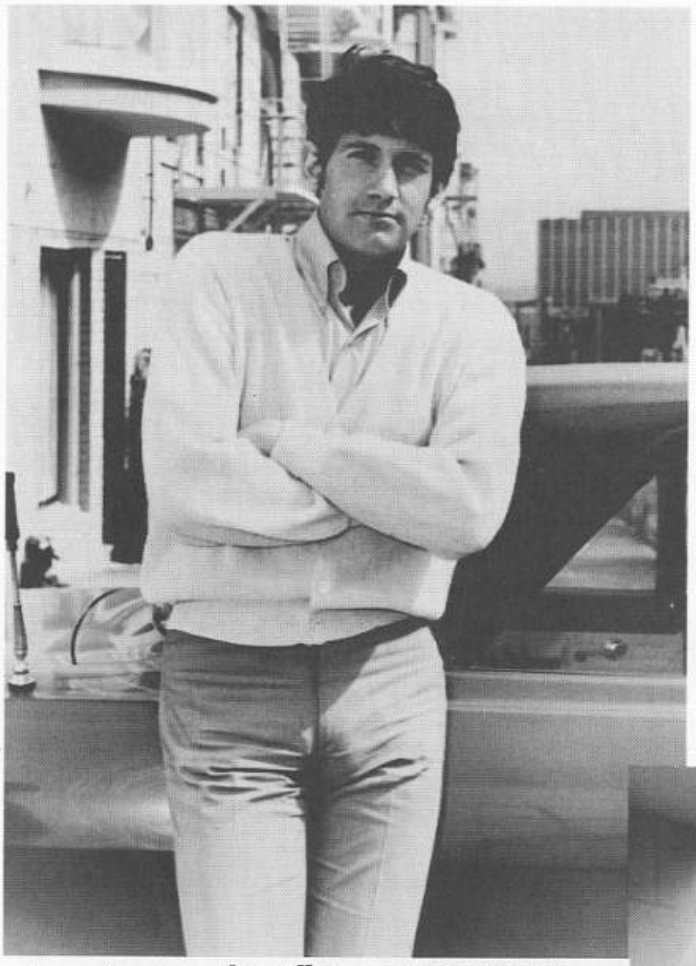
Let me get this straight, however, I'm not a hustler. In fact I hate hustlers and if this guy didn't appeal to me I would never have gone with him, regardless of how hungry I was! As I said before, I still have my pride.

We went through the regular routine questions. "Where are you from?" Where are you staying, here in San Francisco?" "Where are you working?" I answered truthfully and kept glancing at him. He understood my predicament perfectly.

"C'mon, let's go to my place . . . at least we can drink and talk in comfort," he suggested.

Naturally, I was pleased . . . I thought he'd never ask! We were walking down the hill as Allen told me about himself. He appeared to be a most amazing character. I really dug his looks. I found myself glancing down at his basket from time to time; it intrigued me!

Allen told me that he owned a small business and also went to college in his spare time. I was surprised that he had so much ambition and was following through with his dreams. He told me he didn't believe in procrastinating and I knew then that I needed someone like him – someone to push me.



I wasn't aware that Allen was trying to say something to me — I was embarrassed when I saw him catching me in the act of staring at his basket once more. He grinned and walked to the car parked along the curb, turned and leaned against it, with his crotch in full view. I could see that his cock was partially hard.

"All right, now look at it long and hard . . . maybe after you get your fill you'll listen to what I have to say."

I could feel the blood rush to my face I was so embarrassed. "All right motherfucker . . ." I laughed, walking toward him, "I saw all I want to see!"

"Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied and pleased!" I assured him.

"Good — let's be on our way! To my place!"

I was surprised when he crossed the sidewalk and climbed the concrete steps. We were at his place already. I walked slightly behind him because I wanted to size up his buns! I liked the way the fabric clung to his buttocks tightly. I liked Allen's shape. He was a hell of a sexy gay and I knew then that I was really going to enjoy his company!

"All right, now what?" He shouted to me as he turned and saw me eyeing his buns.

I roared with delight because I knew that he was teasing me, and I was enjoying every moment of it.

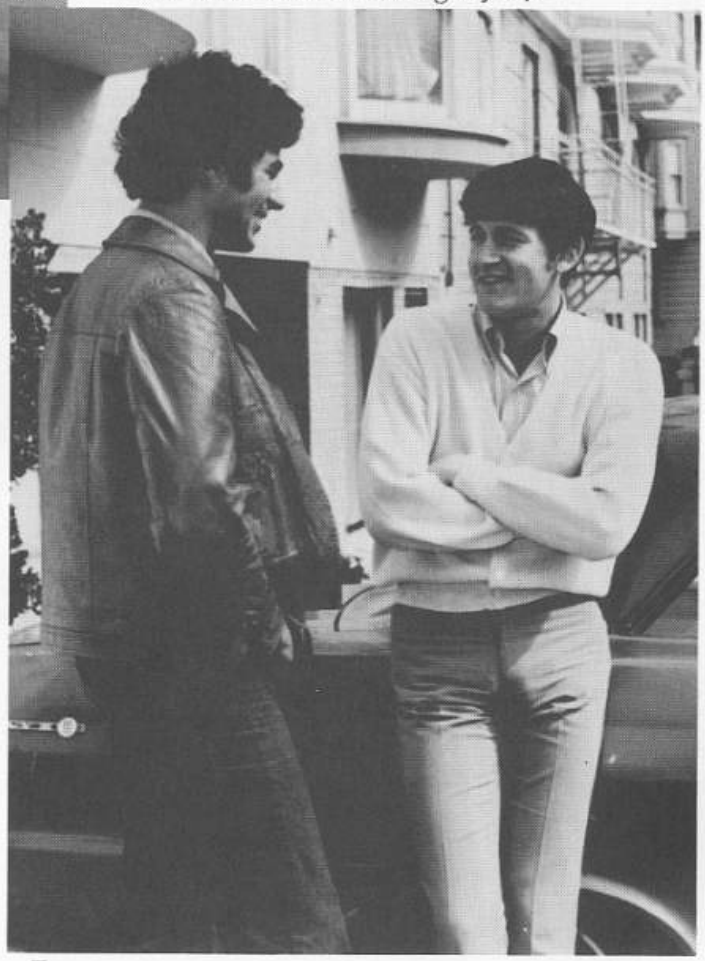
"Let's go in before we start exposing ourselves out here in public." He suggested as he turned the key in the door.

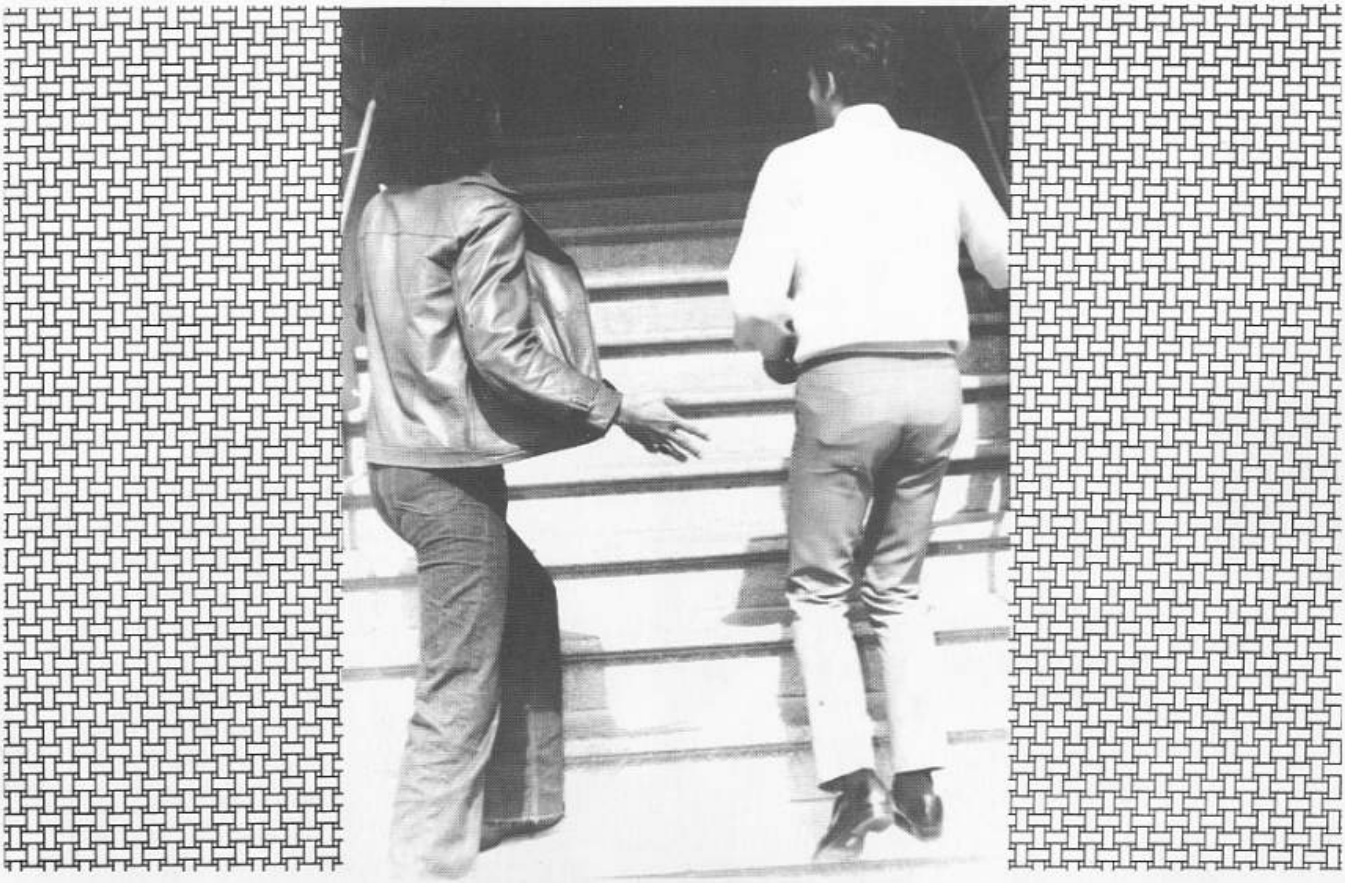
I followed him inside and as we entered, he shut the door and faced me. "Well, here we are — now let's see what you can do!"

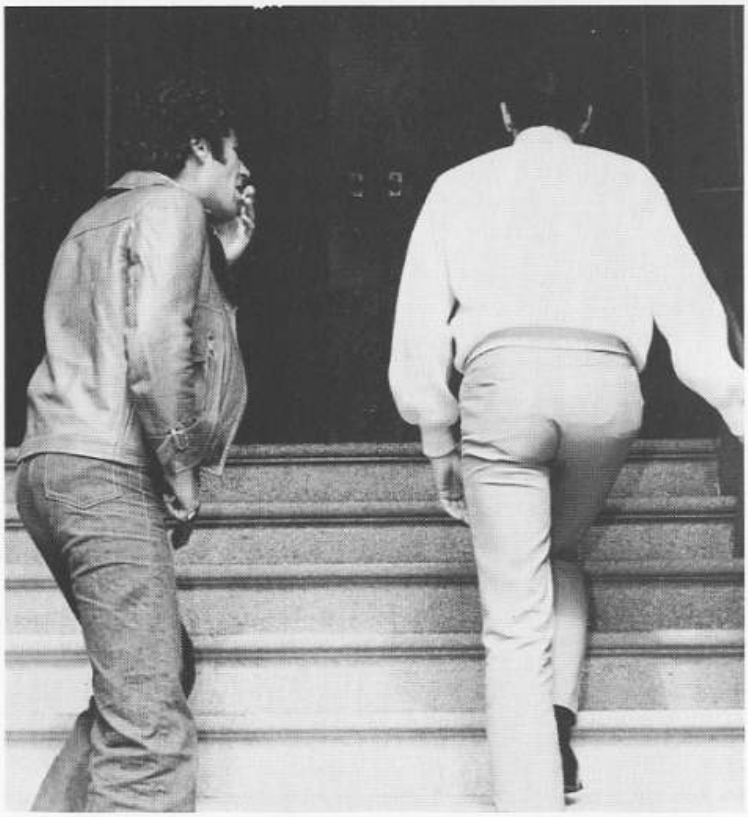
I enjoyed the spirit in which he was receiving me. I knew that I would like it here with him. I immediately began removing my shirt.

"That's better — here let me help you," he said as he unbuckled my belt and started working the buttons of my fly loose.

I shot a quick glance at his crotch and saw that his dick was beginning to harden as it pressed tightly against the fabric, I could see the outline of his organ. I smiled and placed my hands on his shoulders while he continued the ritual of unbuttoning my fly.







When the fly was opened, he pulled my undershirt up over my shoulders. "Do I have to do *everything?*" he insisted. I noticed he had already removed his sweater. I pushed my levi's down over my hips and watched him as he began to remove his clothing. I was conscious that my anxiety was showing, I could feel the bulge in my briefs as it began to grow. I didn't think that I could wait any longer. Impulsively, I reached over and pulled him to me, I opened my mouth and kissed him fully on the mouth. He did not resist, but responded with his hot fiery tongue. I was excited now, but Allen pushed me back.

"Take your time, we have all night . . ." He punched me with the tip of his finger, as I reached around to feel the firm buttocks.

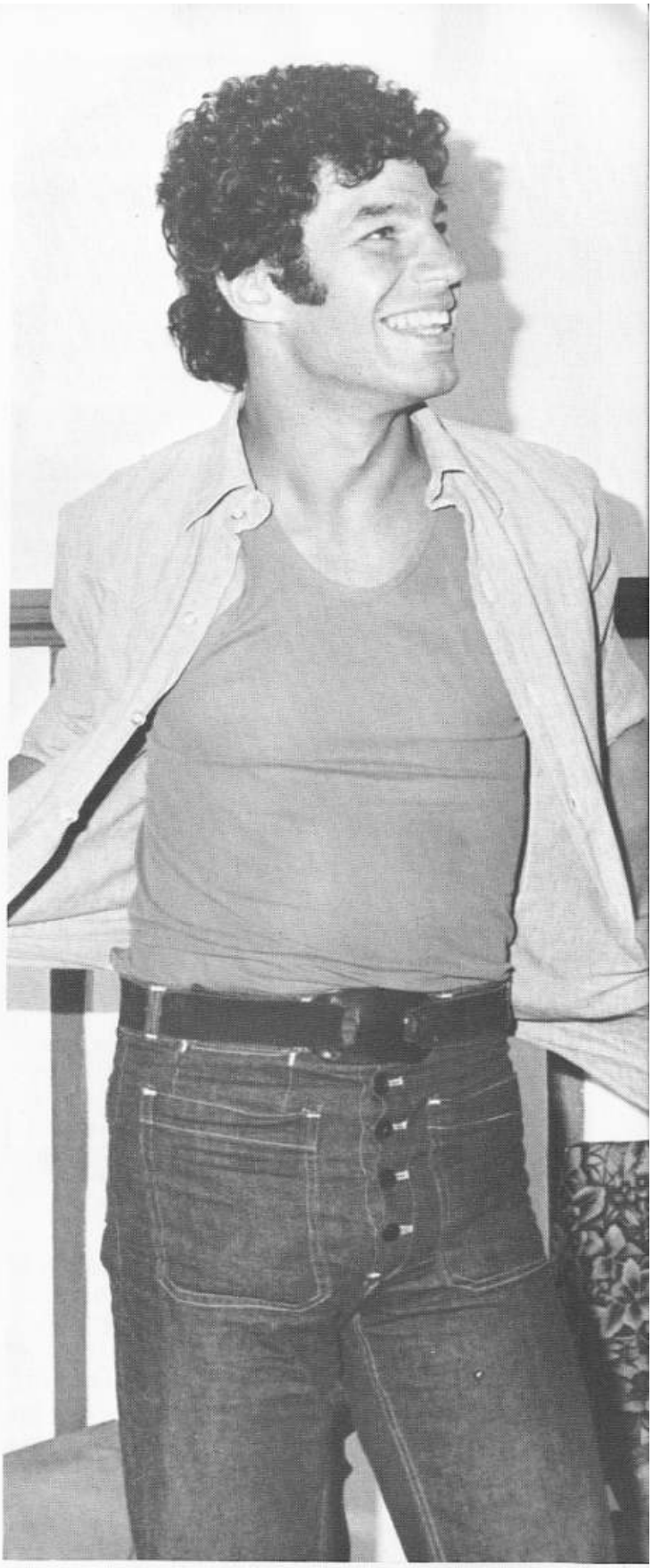
"You're just a natural born dirty old man!" he admonished as he turned around. I pushed forward, grasping his stomach with my hand and began feeling the rippling muscles. My cock began to harden as it pressed against the flesh of his behind, but the net briefs acted as a barrier as I protested against the wall of flimsy fabric. Almost automatically, my hand slipped down over the hardening bulge of flesh.

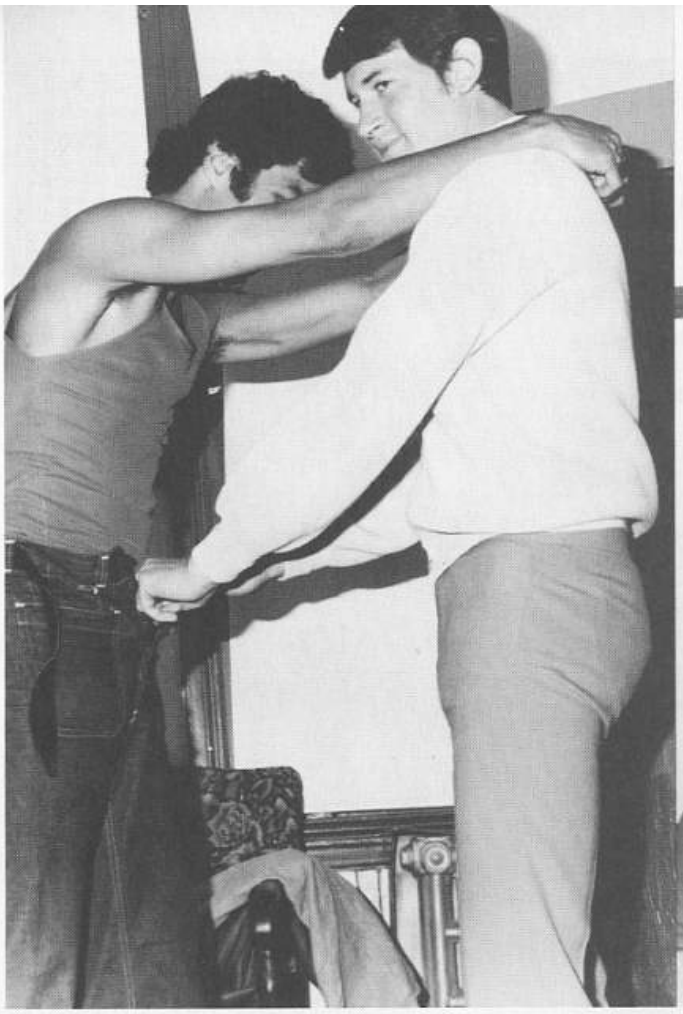
Its warmth sent thrills of excitement throughout my body and I could feel the hardening of my organ as a result of the delightful sensations which my fingers were now experiencing.

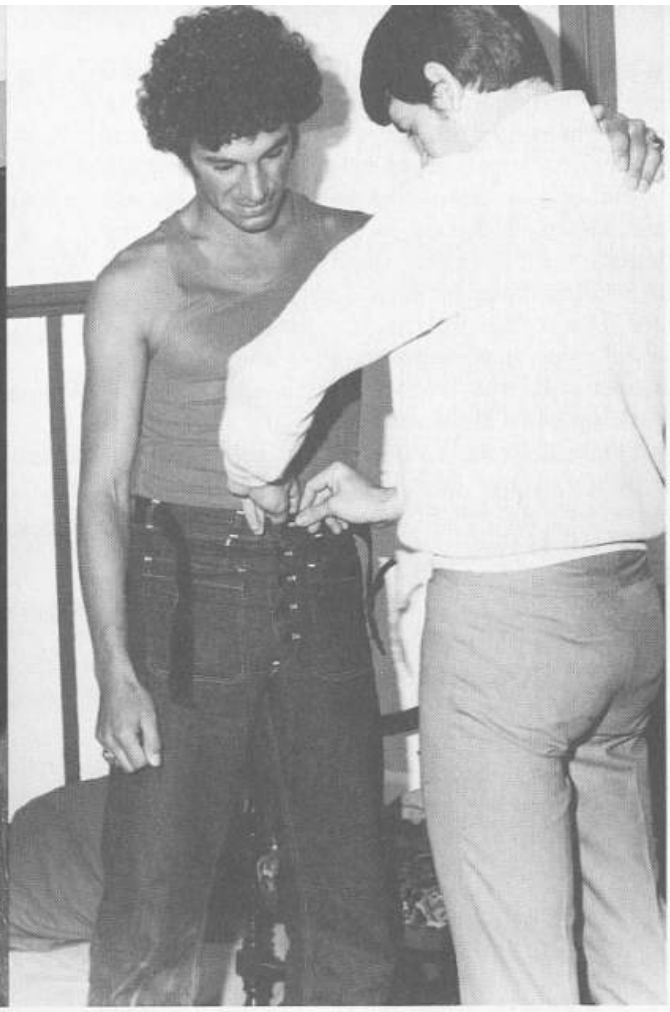
"Enough of this . . ." I whispered in his ear and kissed it lightly. At the same time my fingers were working the elastic top of his briefs down over his hips. I shot a glance down and I was pleased at the magnificent cock which was now exposed over the black net garment. It was thick and rich and full. His testicles were tight and the black hair of his pubic area excited me. I could feel my balls twitch and my cock began to thicken once more.

"Here! Let's have a beer. This'll cool us off for awhile." He was thrusting a can of beer toward me.

Allen's flesh was smooth as silk and as I thought of the touch of it, my cock would immediately harden. This was indeed a new experience for me, for no one had ever affected me like this before!







If ever anyone believed in vibrations, now was the time that there was proof of it, for Allen sensed my true feelings and removed the beer can from his lips and moved over and pressed his flesh tightly against mine. I could feel a million skyrockets shooting in every direction, for I began to feel the swelling in my groin.

"Oh, please, make me control myself!" I pleaded inwardly, not wanting to show him my true feelings. I must have been trying to kid myself. I knew I wanted it. *I had it!*

Trying to throw him off, I playfully reached over and grasped his thick semi-hard cock in my hand and squeezed. My cock stiffened!

"Now that I've got it, what shall I do with it?" I asked, teasing him. I could feel it harden in my hand.

He handed me the lotion and I poured a generous portion in my hand. Once more I grasped his cock in my oily hand and applied more pressure. He began rubbing the ointment over my chest while I applied another generous portion in my hand. I stooped to rub his leg and my eyes remained fixed on that gorgeous cock of his. I hungered for it, watched it as it began to stiffen, I was tempted to put my mouth on it, but tried to control my emotions. I didn't want to rush things because I was afraid that he might ask me to leave after we had finished. I *wanted* to stay; I wanted to know more about him. I liked him a great deal and didn't want to spoil everything in a moment of greedy lust.

Allen's cock jutted out from his body rigidly. I watched as it was full of life, but I still tried desperately to control my emotions. Moving

GOD DEFEND ME FROM EVER LOOKING AT A MAN AS AN ANIMAL

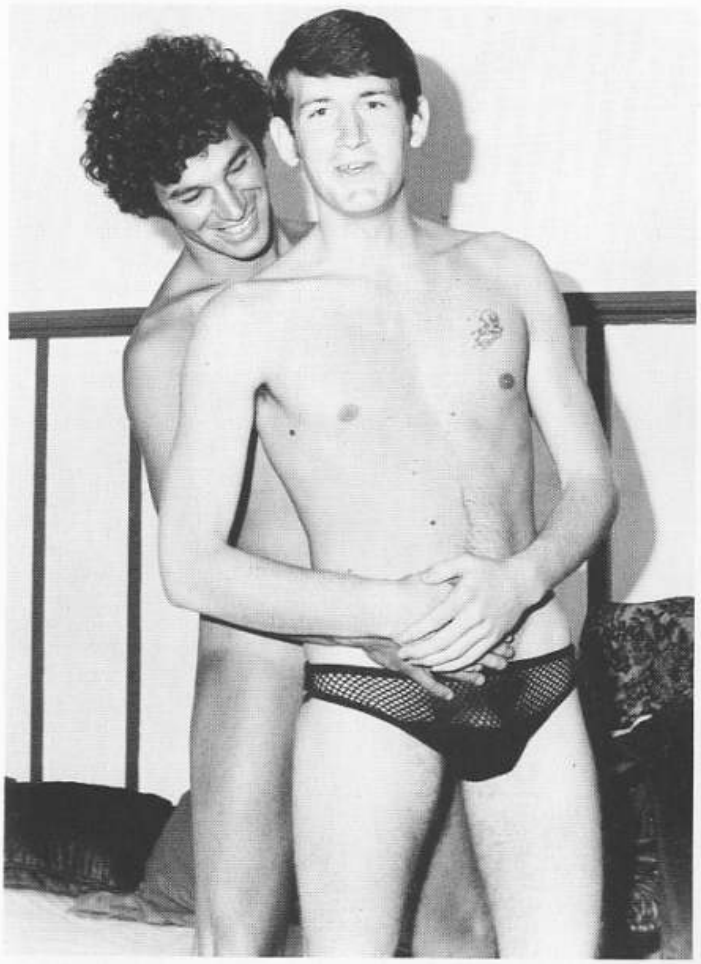
Ralph Waldo Emerson

forward, I kissed his belly lightly as I began toying with my tool, for it had become almost uncontrollable.

Realizing that it was foolish to even think of such a thing right now, not wanting to rush things again, I climbed to my feet and planted a firm kiss squarely on his mouth. He looked at me and grinned.

"Thanks for not rushing things," he whispered. I knew then that he understood my emotions fully. We walked toward the other room, and I felt his hand move down my body and cup the cheek of my ass gently. I could feel the warmth of his hand radiate the gentle heat as his fingers tingled my flesh. My mind was in total confusion 'cause I wanted desperately to make love to this man, but I wanted to resist as long as possible. I knew that soon I would either have to let my heart or my head rule and the decision was close at hand.

But, Allen, sensing my mixed feelings, answered by making his own decision. He led me by the hand toward the bed, climbed on it, then looked at me invitingly.



LIFE CONSISTS NOT IN HOLDING GOOD CARDS BUT IN PLAYING THOSE YOU DO HOLD WELL

Josh Billings

"Well, what are we waiting for?" he asked, seductively.

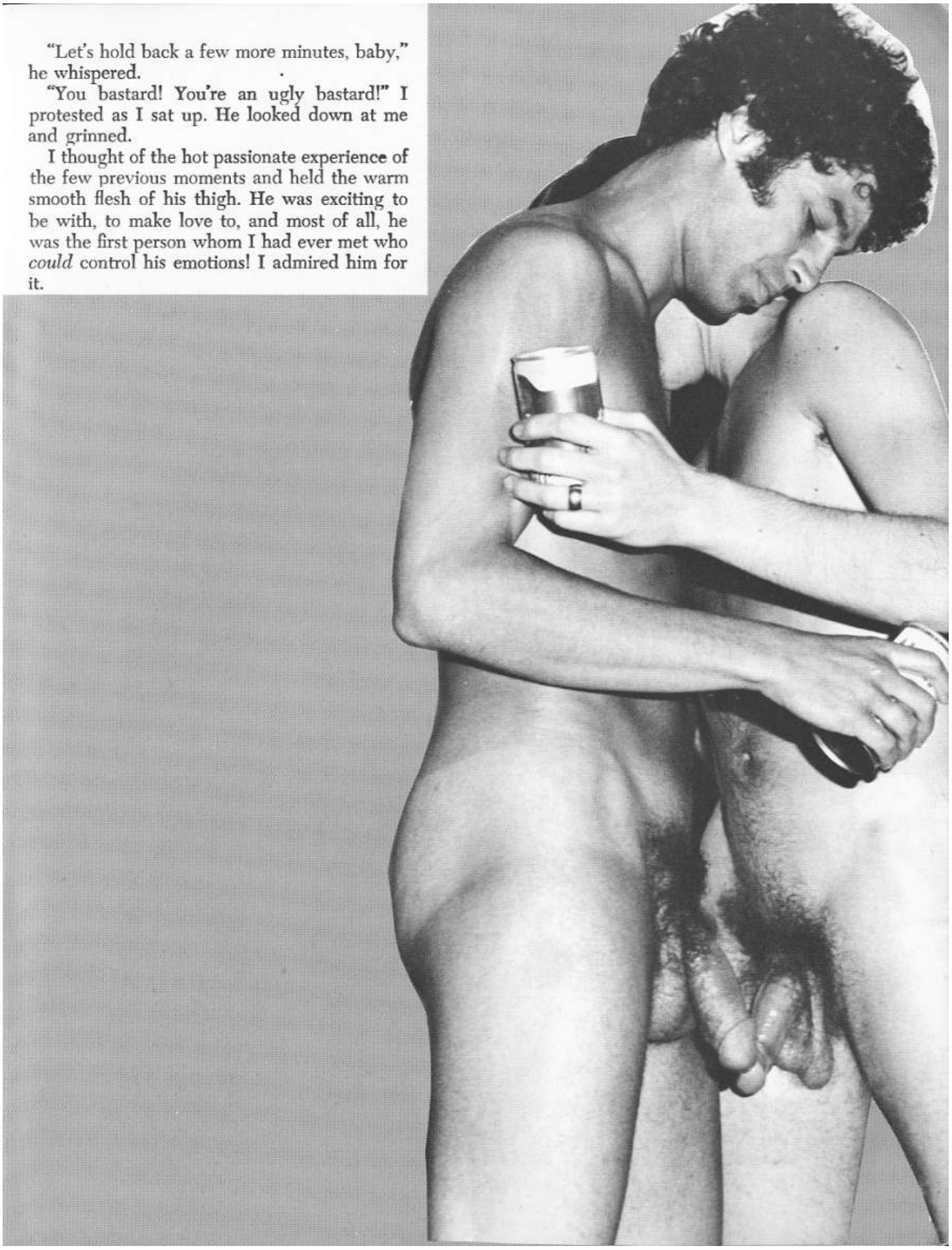
"You bastard!" I laughed, cursing him at the same time. I lay near him, he deftly moved my body, rolling it over so that I was lying on my stomach, my legs spread apart. I could feel the exciting tingling sensation as his fingers toyed with the flesh of my buttocks. Then I felt the hot wet tongue as it moved over my flesh. He lightly bit my backside and continued coursing his way up my back and once more down to the clevage; only, this time he did not stop, he continued down between the crevice and when I felt his hot fiery tongue lick at the opening of my anus, I squealed with hot, throaty passion. I grasped a pillow and bit it as the hot wet appendage toyed with my opening. I relaxed momentarily and felt the tongue as it darted inside my anus.

"Oh, my god!" I cried out, arching my back tautly, "Take me baby, take me!" I pleaded. But Allen did not hear my pleas. Instead, he withdrew and patted my ass.

"Let's hold back a few more minutes, baby," he whispered.

"You bastard! You're an ugly bastard!" I protested as I sat up. He looked down at me and grinned.

I thought of the hot passionate experience of the few previous moments and held the warm smooth flesh of his thigh. He was exciting to be with, to make love to, and most of all, he was the first person whom I had ever met who *could* control his emotions! I admired him for it.



LIFE CONSISTS IN WHAT A MAN IS THINKING OF ALL DAY

Ralph Waldo Emerson

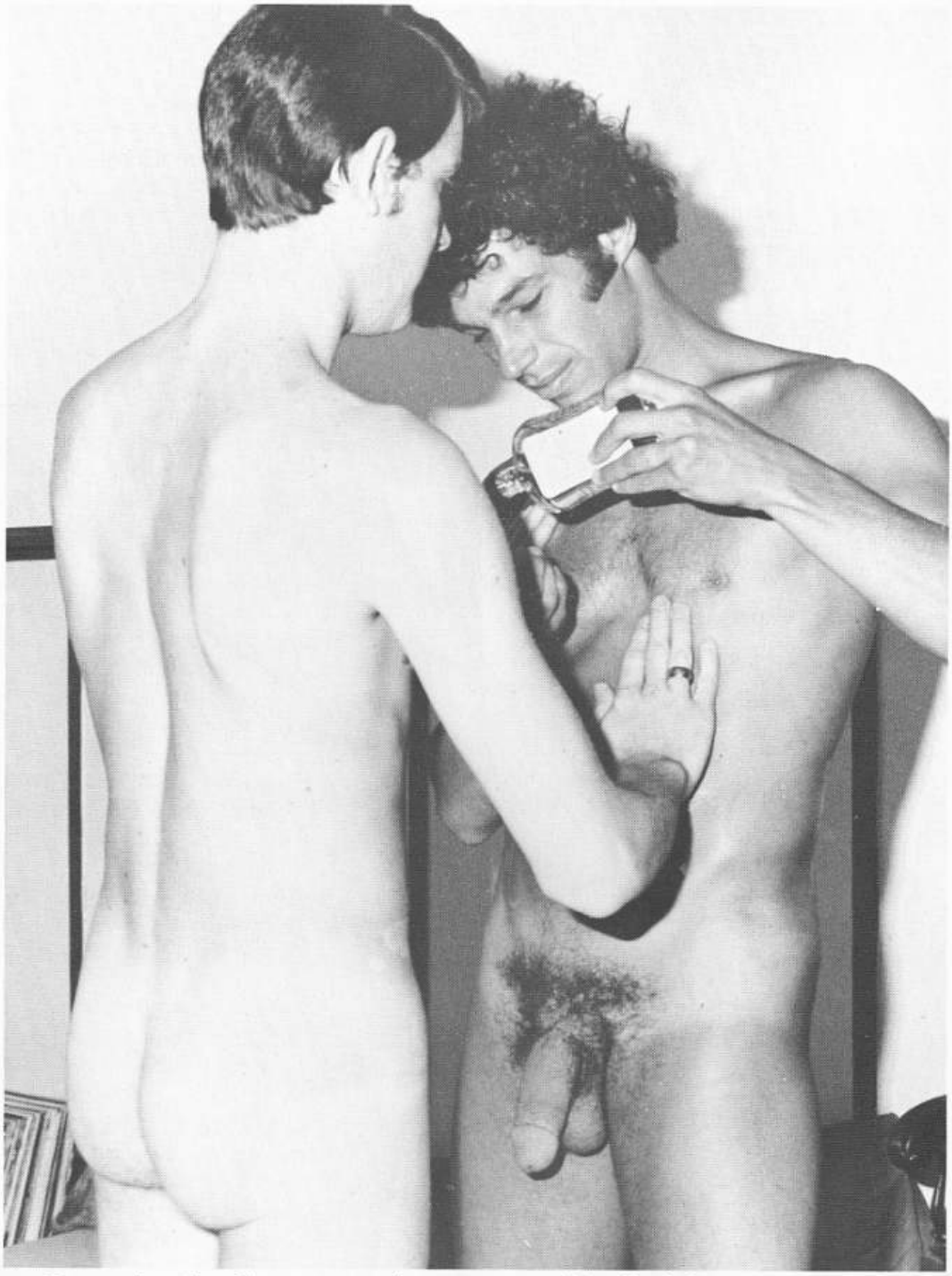
I guess it was because of the animal instinct in me that I craved excitement, I *wanted* sex with him – I *wanted* to try him out, but he held me at bay. He told me that we still had all night and no sense in rushing into a quick orgasm. I was glad that he was able to resist and hold me back. I felt a horse that was *chomping at the bit!* I guess I felt a little stupid about the whole thing!

"Now?" I teased.

He laughed at me once more. "Not yet," he admonished softly.

"Don't worry, I want sex, but I don't want to rush it," he whispered to me.

I relaxed between his legs. This was a glorious moment for me. I was deleriously happy and for once I felt a little bit of security, but knew that this moment could end at any given



moment. I cast that idea from my mind, not wanting to think of it. I was happy here with Allen and must make him want me. I knew that a lot depended upon my behavior now and didn't want to spoil it. I had to control my own emotions. I *had* to!

Allen reached down, sensing my insecurity, and held me close to him. It was a comforting and reassuring feeling to me, for which I was grateful. I liked the warmth of his body against mine, but more than that, it was the overt movement of his hand which added that warmth and friendliness to the embrace. For once I really felt wanted. I knew then that I would stay.

Allen ran his fingers lightly through the curls of my hair, his long tapering fingers feeling and touching gently. His other hand dug into

my flesh as he massaged me. The world had suddenly opened up to me. I wanted Allen to love me and knew that I would have to wait for him to make the move. After all, he favored the role of the aggressor and who was I to deny him this?

My cock began to harden. Once more I glanced down at his and watched it spring to life again. I moved my face close to his and kissed him passionately on the mouth. Allen put his arm around my neck and pulled my face to his and held our mouths together for an eternity. My cock throbbed as I could feel my testicles tighten in their sac.

Allen moved his hand down my body as I arched my hips slightly. I was his and wanted him to see that I was. He understood, for the gestures meant more than simple words could express.

Allen's cock was hard now as he moved his mouth over my neck and his hot wet tongue left a trail of saliva down my neck, coursing its way to my nipple. The tongue taunted my flesh as it circled my nipple. I was so excited that I cradled my lover's head in my arms and pressed him tightly against my body until I felt his teeth tear into my flesh!

At the same time his fingers toyed with my erect cock. He moved his head down to my thigh, his tongue never leaving my flesh. I moved my mouth over to his hot wet anus once more and pushed my tongue between the cleavage. He did not resist me now. He was mine at last! He had surrendered to my perverse desires! I licked with all the hot passion that my soul possessed!

My cock hardened almost automatically as he moved further down on my body. His hard throbbing penis brushed past my leg, I was in heaven with all the twisted desires of my body as I thrashed my body around, hardly able to take it now. I cried as thrills of pain rushed up and down. I raised my hips as I felt his hot tongue press my flesh wetly. My body tightened as I felt his tongue touch my very being. I was hot with desire as his tongue moved closer to my erect staff. I pushed upward and soon his lips were near the head of my dick. I pushed again as I felt his soft gentle lips enfold the head and then I almost fainted

from the excitement as I pushed my cock upward. I felt his tongue on the wall of my flesh—faster and faster it worked, raising my emotions to a new level of fiery passion. I could wait no longer as I pushed my stiff staff deeper into his mouth so that he took it all! I worked my hips vigorously now, withdrawing my cock so that only the head was buried in his mouth, then with all the power I possessed, I rammed the cock deeper into his throat this time, forcing it in as far as it would go!

Allen coughed, and he seemed anxious to eat my cock and I wanted to please him any way possible. I could feel his hot wet tongue working on my stiff prick excitedly. There was no holding him back any longer, either!

Faster and faster he worked on me and I cried out in anguish for I knew that at last he was doing what he really wanted to do!

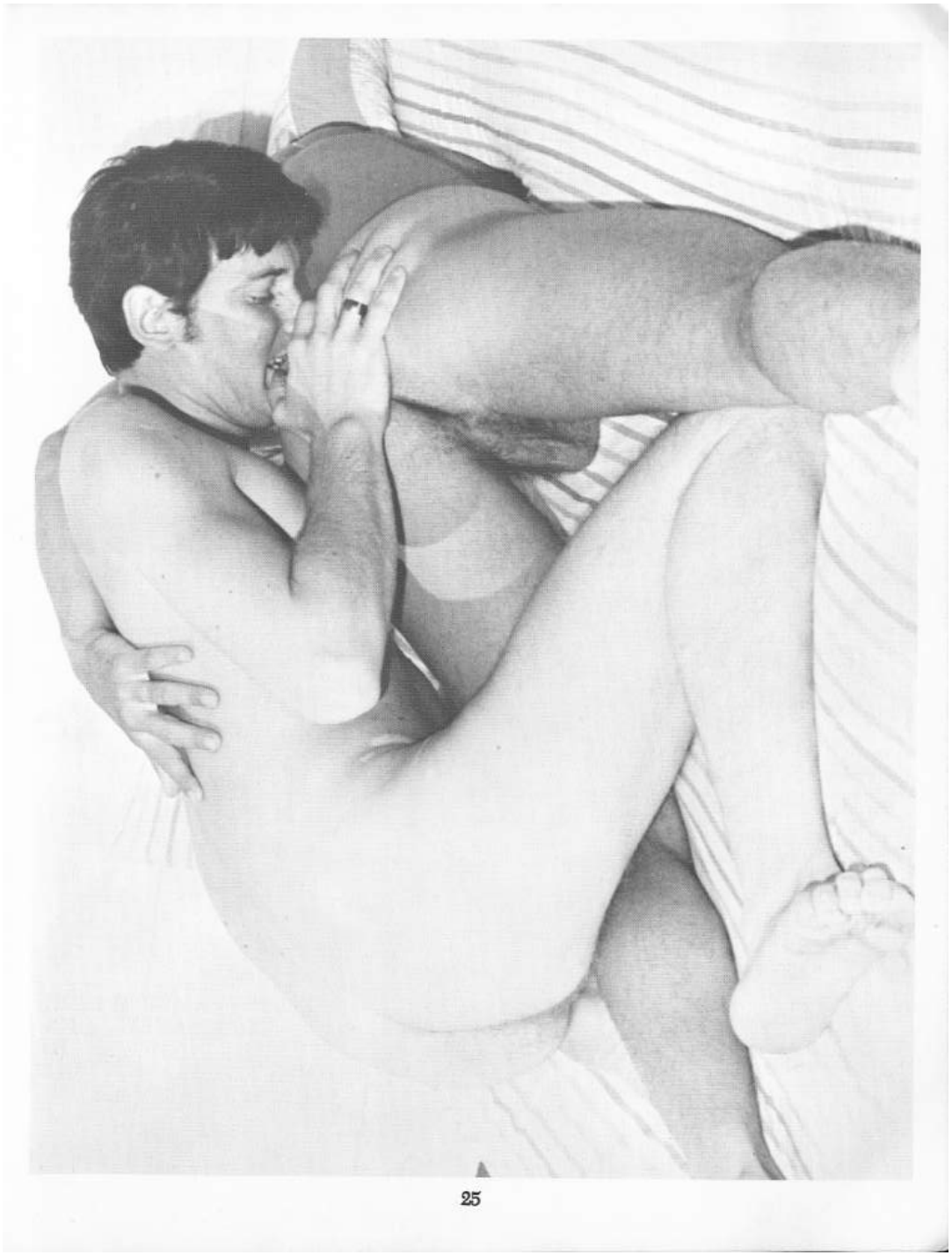
I threw my legs over him and crouched over his head now. I sank downward, ramming my cock deeper into his throat than before and

began working my hips upward and downward in machinelike precision as I began making mechanical movements of my torso. I thought that I might be hurting him, but he took hold of my hips in his grip and began working my body faster, forcing me on. I began working in earnest once more and knew that we were both enjoying this erotic moment of pleasure!

The wild moment of desire was here at last and I was ready to enjoy it to the utmost! Allen was lust personified and was giving me all the enjoyment that I desired. He made all the waiting well worth the effort now!

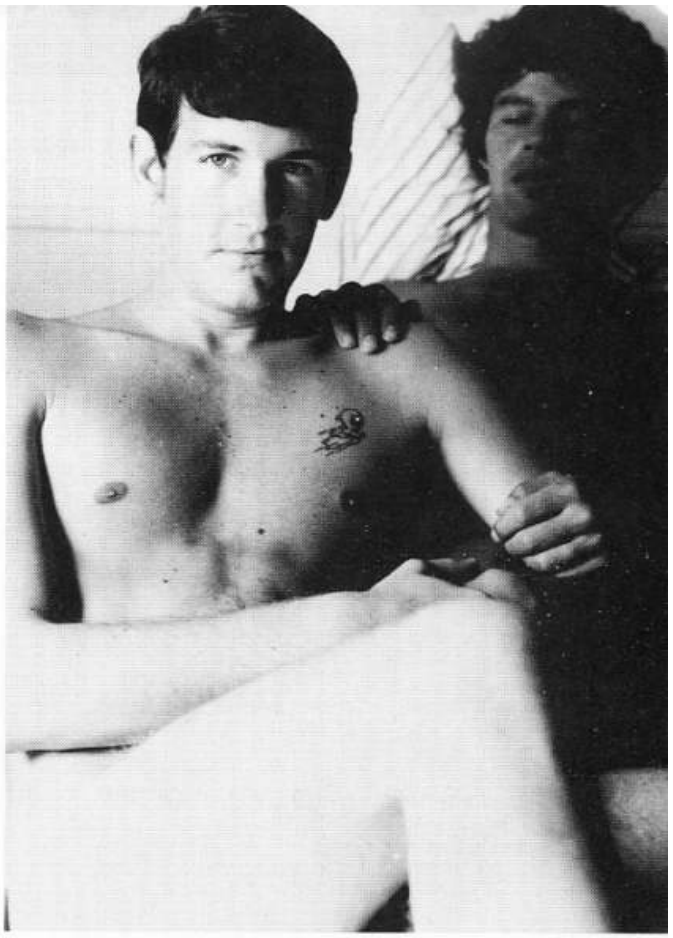
I could feel a thousand tentacles tingling and touching my flesh, but Allen would not quit — his fingers worked continuously, exciting my flesh and I worked my hips up and down with repeated movements while my cock hardened and my breath came in short pants now as I was swept up in my emotion of twisted desires. Faster and faster I worked wanting to reach the climax I had long yearned for. Finally, my whole body became taut and tense and then I began to quiver. I knew that the moment was at hand. I quickened my pace as I rammed my cock deeper and deeper into the hungry man's throat and finally my pulsating dick began to throb as I felt the hot spurts of sperm shoot from me like thick molten lead shoots from an active volcano. I couldn't seem to stop as my gun fired repeatedly, spitting its hot thick message deep into my lover's throat.

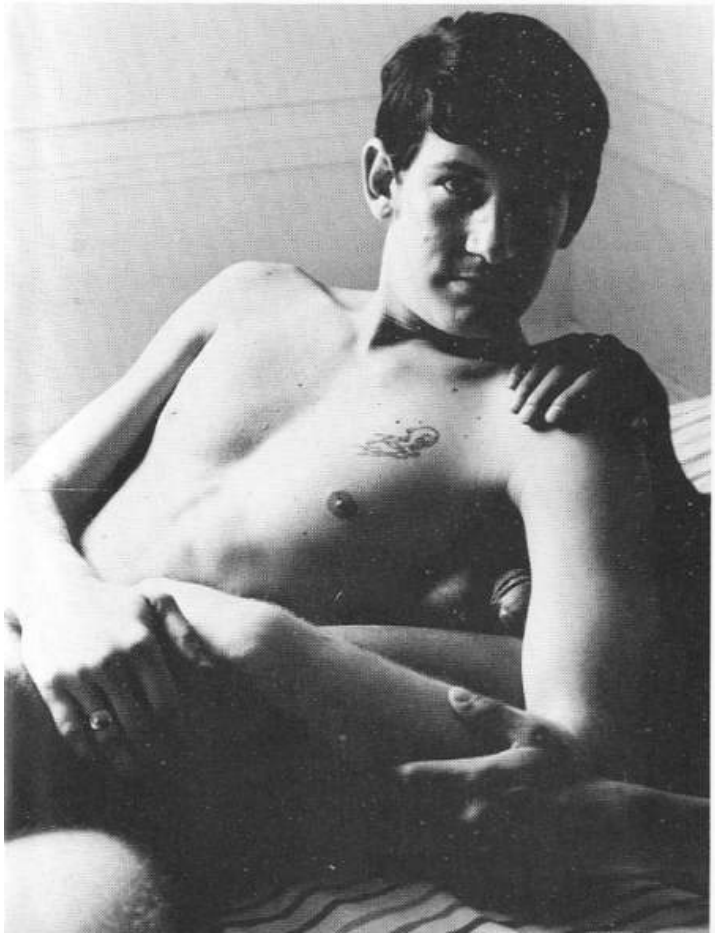
Allen coughed and gurgled happily and nervously as he received my message of love. I could feel his tongue darting and dancing over the surface of my dick as the spurts continued, then subsided and finally stopped.

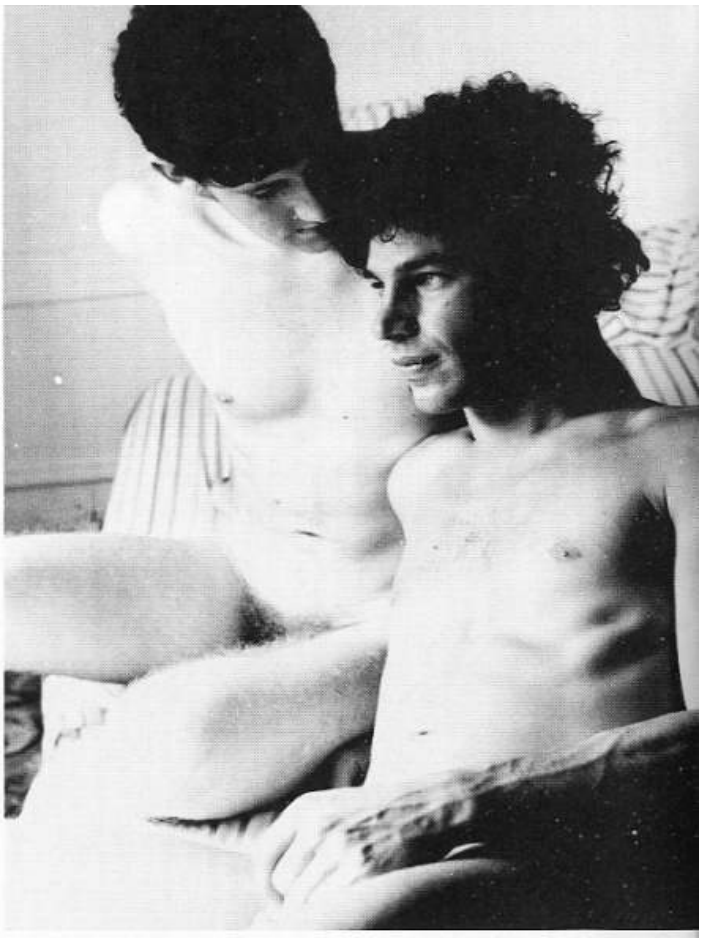


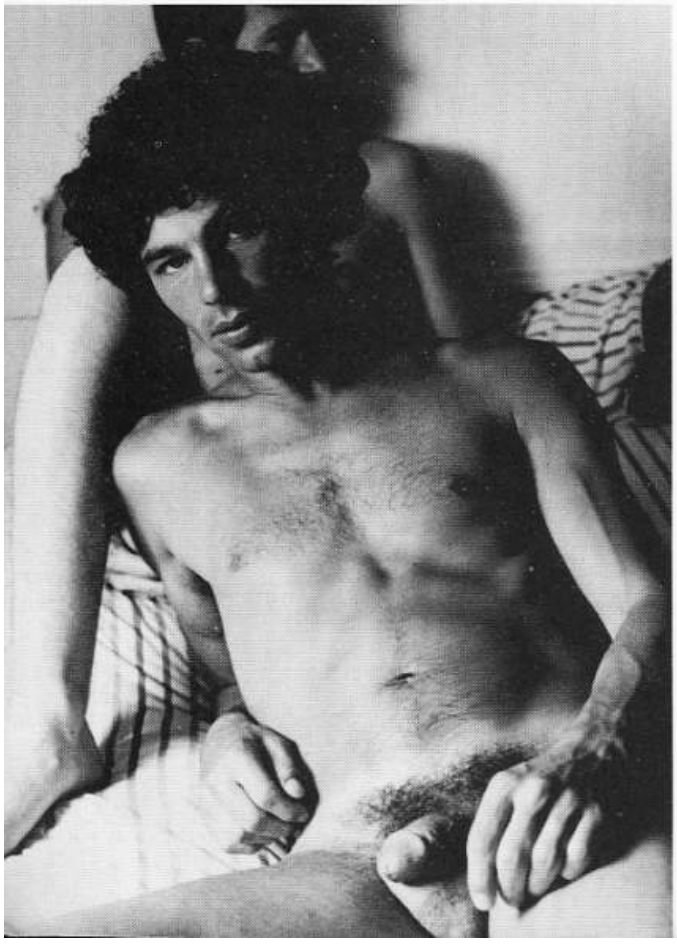
MY MASTER HATH BEEN AN HONORABLE GENTLEMAN; TRICKS HE HATH HAD IN HIM WHICH GENTLEMEN HAVE.

Shakespeare
(All's Well That Ends Well, V, iii)









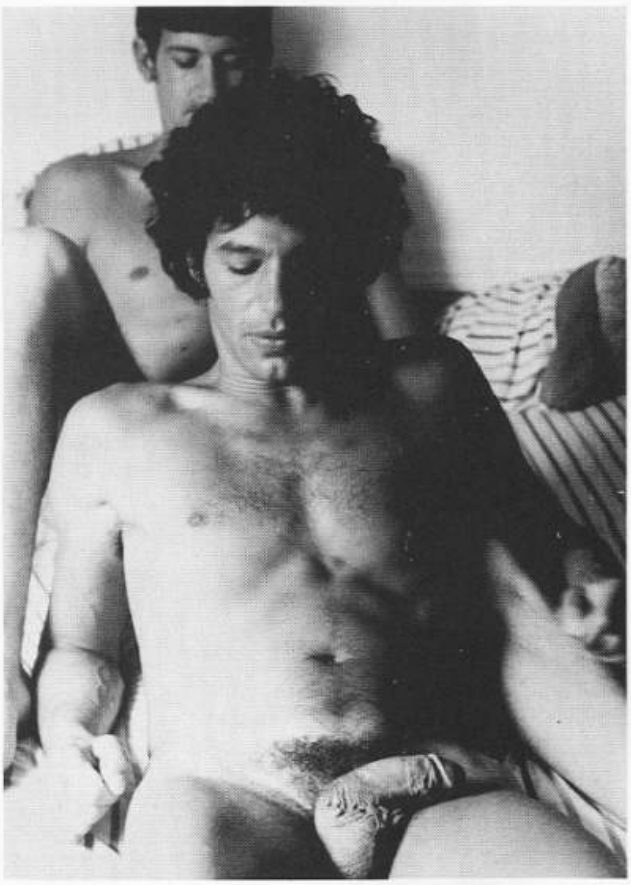
The young man moved his stiff, heavy dick so that it rested at the crevice and when I felt the cock harden, I knew that he had control of the situation and I need not worry too much about satisfying him, he had the ability to take over and do everything just the way he wanted to! I had suddenly become the instrument of his perverse desires, and a willing partner as well!

Allen then forced several pillows under my hips, raising them so that I had almost become a breech block, ready to be mounted. I spread my legs wider apart at his command, while he held them apart with his knees, I could feel the head of his massive swollen dick resting at the point of entry, poised, and waited expectantly. Then I felt the massive thrust as the cock

I waited there while Allen held my hips in a vise-like grip, never wanting this moment ever to end. However, reality discovered the two of us as I reluctantly withdrew my limp cock from his hungry mouth.

I kissed Allen desperately, for I knew that even though I had had my moment of pleasure, he was yet to be sated. I knew that part of the act was complete, and satisfactory as it was, and I had to find a way to satisfy him. I kissed him passionately to show that I was still not finished.

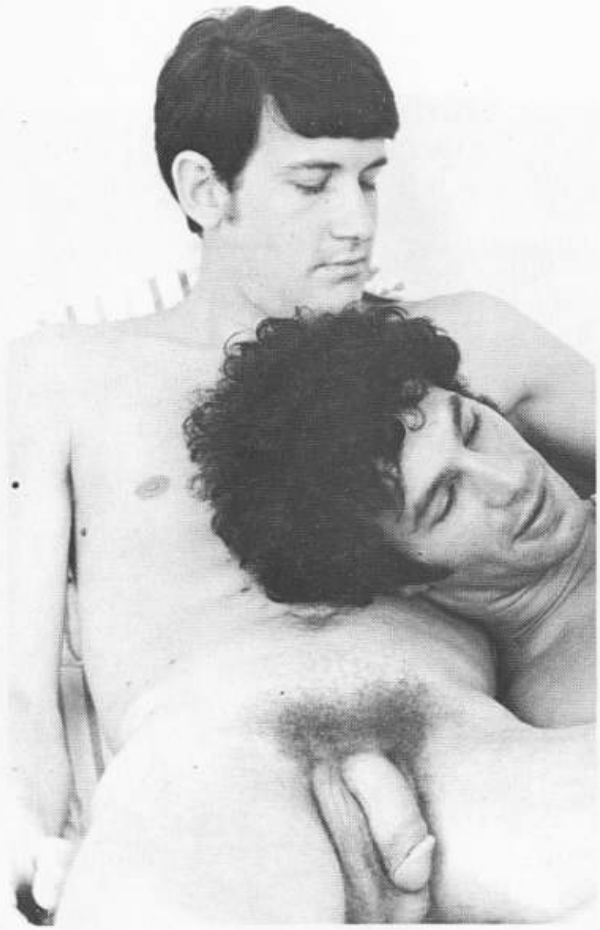
Allen took the next signal and led me into the position in which he wished. He turned me over onto my stomach and spread-eagled my legs. I craved for satisfaction in this manner from his immense, beautiful cock.



began to force its way into my virginal opening. Never before had I permitted anyone to enter me, but this time it was different. I *wanted* him inside me, not for any selfish reason other than to satisfy him! I wanted him to enjoy the fruits of his labor as well as the satisfaction of taking my virginity.

"EEEEEOOOOOWWWWW!" I shrieked in anguished pain, "YOU'RE KILLING ME!" I had never before felt such violent pain. It was a knifelike incision tearing at my anus.

Allen did not stop. He paused momentarily, then continued moving forward, forcing his dick to stretch my asshole open, working it still deeper.



"CCCHHHRRRIIISSSTTT!" I begged him. I knew that my pleading was futile for he thrived on the agonizing pleas. It gave him some sort of a perverse pleasure to invade me violently, not caring about my pleas. I tried to arch my body more tautly, then I tried relaxing, but with each movement of my body, the knifelike pain tore at my flesh like a hot knife cutting at my flesh.

"PPPLLLEEEAAASSSEEE!" I begged to unhearing ears. He did not hear my begging, for he was intent on satisfying his inner urges and was not ready to quit just yet.

By now, his cock was fully imbedded within my loins. He waited a moment, which was

temporary relief for me and then when he was ready, he withdrew and then rammed the thick heavy instrument home again and again. Now he held my hips with his hands and his cock became a battering ram, demolishing the walls of my anus, leaving the cord untied as he rammed his cock home once more. His breathing became labored and his hips were working faster now as he forced his cock deeper and deeper into me. I no longer protested, realizing the futility of it all. I wondered how a girl could stand such a large dick being engorged into her body. But, as forceful as Allen was, I suddenly began to realize a very strange sensation. A sensation which was alien to me — I was beginning to enjoy this experience.

Allen began to grunt as he worked his massive swollen flesh in and out of my body. I knew now that secretly *I wanted him to do this to me!*

"OOOHHHH, FUCK ME, BABY! FUCK ME!" I pleaded, shocked at my own words!

Allen cooperated beautifully as he thrust his dick deeper into me as he worked his hips faster than before.

"I'll fuck the shit out of you — I just love it . . ." Allen whispered to me as he worked his

BEATLES
ABBEY ROAD

cock in and out. "I'll just love to fuck the shit out of you from now on." He kissed me passionately on the neck and then bit my ear, completing the pact.

I began working my hips lasciviously as he began breathing hard.

"OOOHHH, THAT FEELS BEAUTIFUL," he moaned as he ground his hips in a circular fashion.

I knew now that I could not just depend on him for the movements, I would have to participate actively. Just then, impulsively, I raised my hips slightly and moved them counterclockwise, while he thrust his stiff dick deeper into my anus.

He was breathing hard and moaning all the time while he penetrated me. I was quivering and trembling openly now while our bodies molded into one. We were working in unison, two different opposing forces, though, and both enjoying the movements while we made our proper moves to satisfy and sate each other's perverse drives.

Allen had suddenly become an animal of lust as he crouched over me, working and writhing as he penetrated me deeper and deeper each time. He now bit my ear passionately, then moved his hungry mouth to my neck and took sucker bites which drew the blood to the surface as badges of merit for the performance. He sucked wildly at my flesh as his cock shoved in and out, faster and faster, taking full advantage of my naivetee at this type of intercourse.

I writhed in heated passion and the man over me clung to me like a sucker sticks to its prey and soon he was working with wild abandon as his perverse passions took over his emotions. He rammed and jammed his cock still deeper and I could feel the throbbing member as it spewed its message of love deep within my loins. I moaned with heated passion for I have never before experienced such an erotic thrill. The man's hands moved down to my stiff prick and began massaging it wildly and while he was completing his orgasm deep within me, I

could feel my tensions arise and soon I was spurting hot sperm over the man's bed. I closed my eyes and a myriad of explosions of bright vivid reds, yellows and blues followed in a pattern that reflected the rays of the sun. It was a shocking thrill, and then it was over. We had suddenly returned to reality, the sheet was wet, we were tired and spent and both of us were satisfied. What else was necessary on a hot night like this?

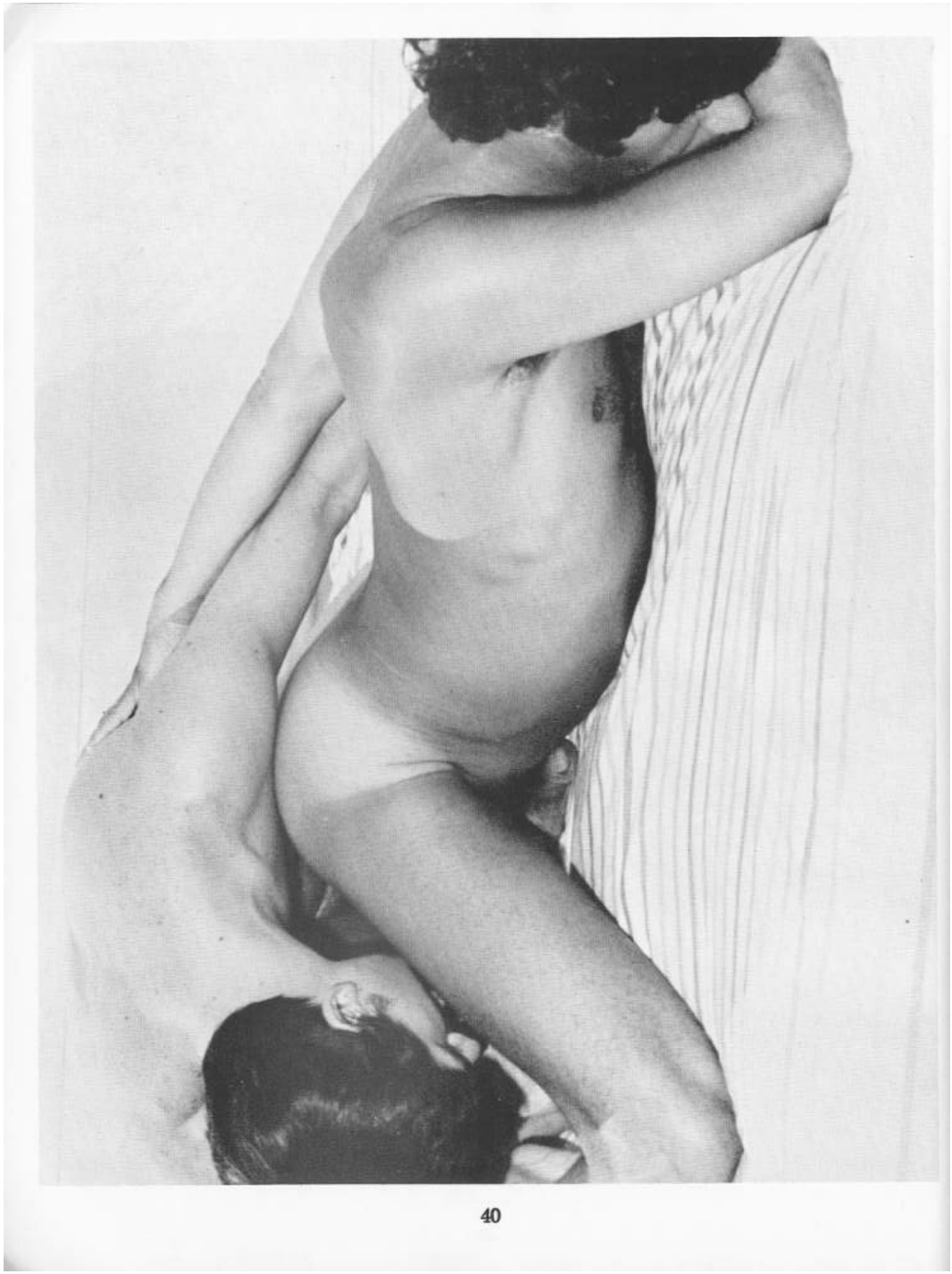
We remained in this position for some time, clinging desperately to the warmth of each other's body, and then, when the dream was over, Allen sat up.

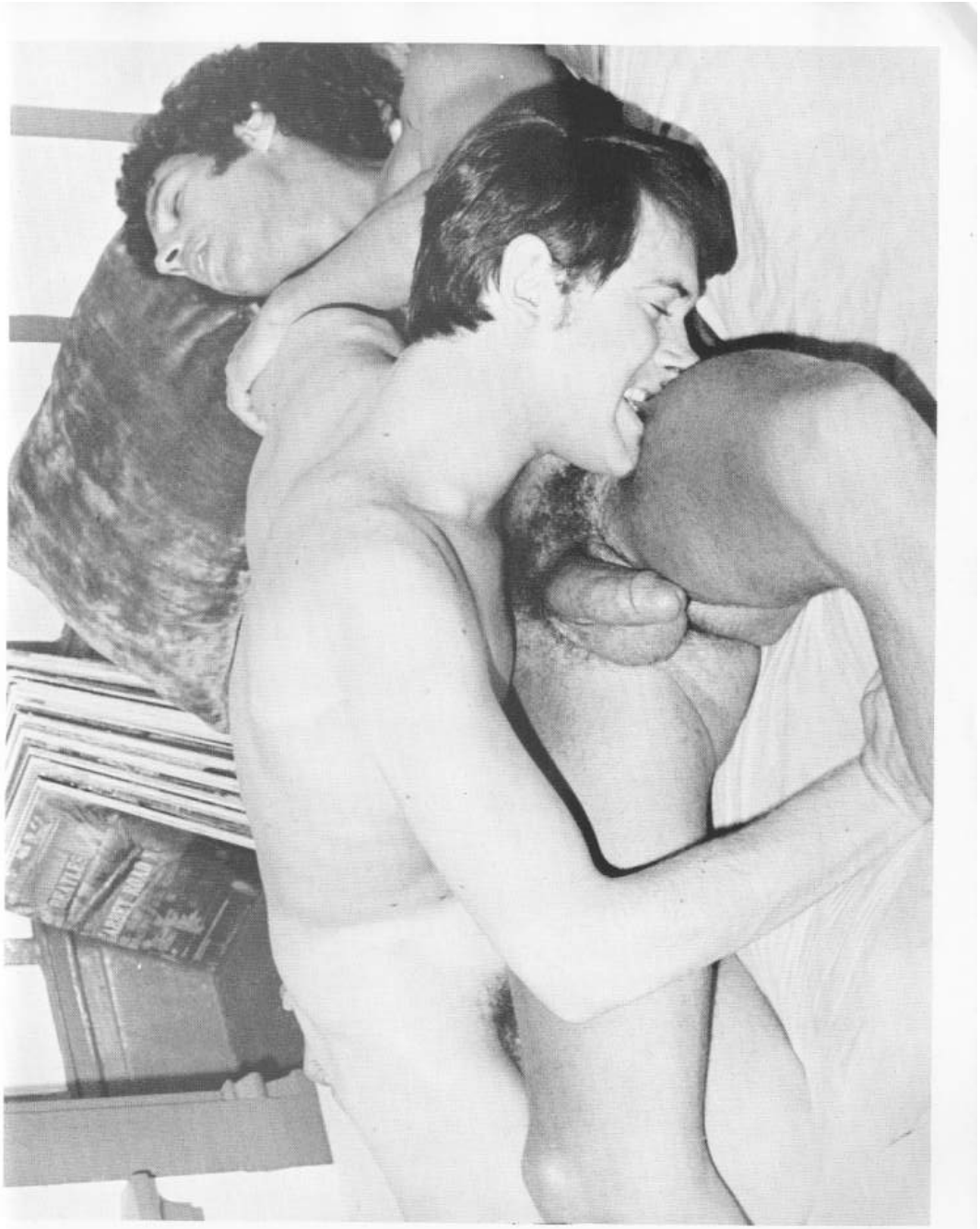
"I know what, let's take a bath together."

It was indeed a welcome suggestion.

We lay nestled in each other's arms waiting for the other to make the first move. I was reluctant to do so for fear that reality might cast an ugly spell upon us, wanting this tryst to go on forever.

Allen seemed to have the same feeling as he clung to me desperately. I rubbed his genitals and then his cock, hoping that it would again spring to life and we could repeat what we had both just experienced, but it would take some urging and I realized this. We kissed passionately and I could feel the inner urgings in





my body, but I knew that it was senseless to begin it just yet. We had to rest first and then after some time perhaps our bodies would awaken to our innate desires and once more we could begin anew, but just now we had to be satisfied with the simple caresses which we were now engaged in.

My lover kissed me and assured me that he was satisfied with my performance, so much so, in fact, that he urged me to stay on and perhaps we could repeat the performance. I knew that he was sincere for he had that certain urging in his voice.

Naturally, I didn't need that urging to convince me to stay, for I knew that without any urging at all I could fall desperately in love with my companion and accepted his invitation immediately.

"I'll stay if you promise to fuck me again," I teased him.

He grinned at me, sheppishly at first, then roared his approval. "I'll fuck you from now through eternity," he promised.

"I'll stay!" I hastened to reiterate. We knew that an unwritten pact was sealed when we kissed that time. I knew that we were destined for each other.

I felt an urging within his genitals, which was immediately followed by the stiffening of his rod. Once more the limp instrument was coming to life. I was pleased for this would reassure him of my love for him. I continued the stroking movement and when it surged to life, standing stiffly upright, I began to massage it methodically. Al lay on his back, his legs wide apart as his organ stood like a staff, erect and upright.

Moving my hips up and over his, I straddled him and raised my buttocks so that they were poised directly over his stiff organ. He glanced up at me and smiled, I knew that he was pleased, but neither of us spoke for words were not necessary. I moved downward, spreading my knees a bit wider apart and could feel the

insinuation of his hot cock poised at my anus. The burning sensation was still there from the previous time, but now it had become an urging – a craving. Working my body downward onto his hot instrument, I felt the puckered opening give to his hot massive head and as the stiff prick entered me I closed my eyes and cringed. Holding it there a moment, I waited until I was sure that I could endure the pain, and then when the hurting subsided, I proceeded to lower myself more until I was fully impaled by his mighty organ. I waited there a few moments, but then Allen sprung to life and became the aggressor once more. He rolled me over, without withdrawing, and when he had me positioned to suit his desires, once more he

Give a man a secure position and you will note an access of self-confidence and ease of intercourse; he feels the social order bearing him up.

Charles Horton Conley

began the pounding movement with his strong muscular hips, working the massive swollen pole in and out of my body without mercy. It was then that it began to throb and pain once more. I tried to bite my lip but discovered that I could endure the pain no longer.

"PPPLLEEAASSEEE, YOU'RE HURTING ME!" I whimpered, trying not to sound too maudlin, but wanting him to ease up and heed my plea. Allen was not to be swayed by my cries of anguish, however, for he continued working like a man possessed; in and out, his hips moved in machine-like precision and when the cock was fully engorged, he would move his hips in a circular movement, grinding the head in every direction inside me so that I could feel the damage being done. I was sure that I was being torn.

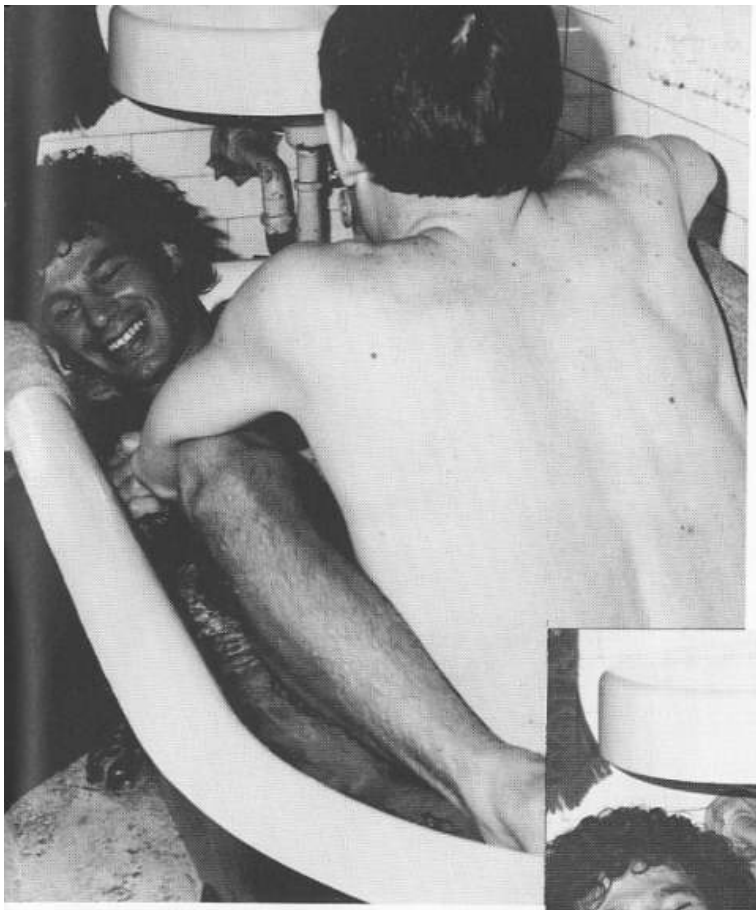
Allen grunted as he worked over me and from the panting and the shortness of his breath, I knew that the moment of climax was fast arriving. I tried to urge him on now, deliberately, trying to make the orgasm as exciting as possible.

"Fuck me baby!" I cried out, "Fuck me good!"

Allen cooperated beautifully as he rammed his cock home for several more strokes and then I felt the long thick flow of his sperm, shooting hot pellets deep within my loins. He was whimpering as he shot his load and then it was over.

Allen gave out a loud sigh and carefully withdrew the flaccid organ from my body.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you, I lost control of my emotions."



"That's all right," I assured him, relieved that he had not torn me after all. The pain within me was fast disappearing and I felt much better.

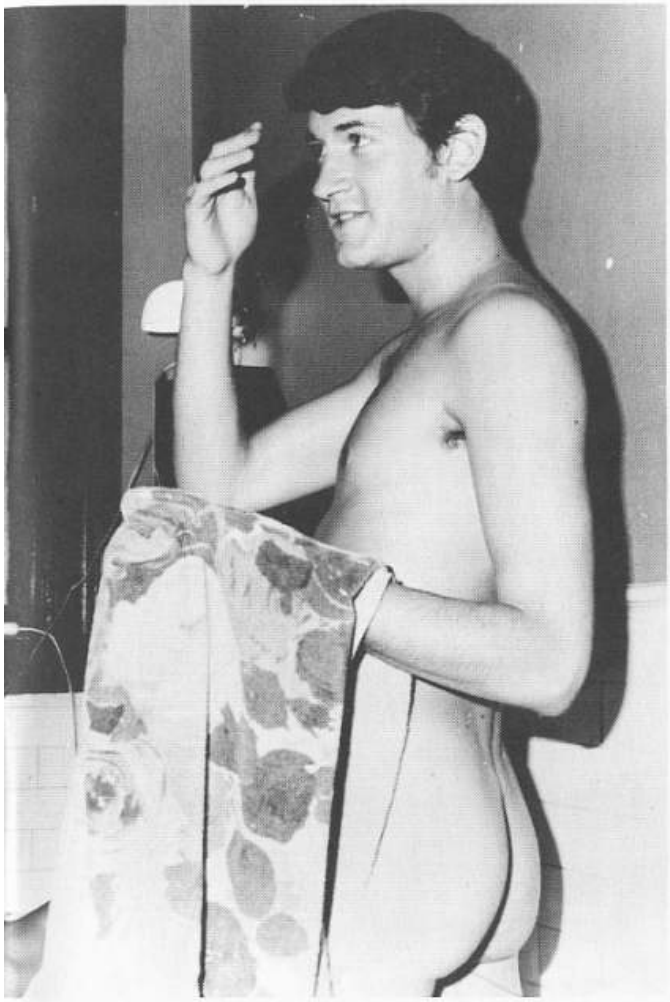
"Bath time!" Allen shouted as he leaped off the bed, grabbing a towel, running toward the small cubicle beyond. "Last one in is a dirty faggot!"

I laughed because I knew that he already had one foot in the tub already. I could hear the water running and when I entered the bathroom he kissed me.

"You don't like kissing faggots, do you?" I inquired.

I lowered myself into the tepid water, cramping myself against him, my legs cramped as he reached over and tickled me. His cock was pressing tightly against mine and the excitement of the warm water only added to the fun. We laughed delightedly as we continued the little ritual. Allen soaped my body, lingering on my cock with his soapy hands. I could feel my prick as it began to swell and when it was fully erect, he massaged it more vigorously. I closed my eyes for I wanted to savor this delightful episode to its utmost. It was a moment I never wanted to forget. His hand worked more vigorously as I lay back. My cock was aflame as the warmth of his hand, combined with the soothing soap and the warm water swirling around made for a most pleasurable effect.

"That's beautiful ... I murmured, never wanting him to quit. I raised my hips and worked them gently in rhythm with the movements of his hand. I could feel the violent churning within my body, sure of a quick orgasm, I raised my hips and shot my load,



spurting it against his shoulder and cheek. He laughed.

"God, what an orgasm!" It was more of a compliment.

I relaxed and eased back down into the tub and felt his hand massaging me as he began soaping me once more, then he began washing himself.

We continued this ritual for a few moments and when we had finally tired of the horseplay, I climbed to my feet once more and he was up and beside me in a moment, reaching for a towel. He was anxious to dry off my body.

The thick terry towel felt good on my warm wet flesh as he fluffed it over me and when I was dry, I worked the other towel over him and we met once more in a warm embrace and kissed passionately on the mouth.

"This is just the beginning . . ." he said it as if it were some kind of assurance rather than a promise.

"I'm glad," I responded simply, sealing it with a light kiss on his lips.

Well, that was a year ago. We are happy together. I now have a job, money in the bank and am also attending college part time. You see, Allen has given me all this. I have given him my full love in return. What more delightful exchange could anyone expect? I know many married couples who aren't as close as we are.

Don't knock it if you haven't tried it!

THE END

A gentleman is a man who displays throughout his life, i.e. in every situation, however serious or unpleasant, a type of behavior which customarily remains restricted to those brief moments when the pressures and responsibilities of life are shuffled off and man indulges in the diversion of a game.

Jose Ortega y Gasset